"UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS"

Episode #61.

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11:30 to 12:30 P.M. C.S.T. APRIL 27, 1933 THURSDAY

ORCHESTRA:

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" -

(ORCHESTRA: QUARTET)

ANNOUNCER: Again we take you to the Pine Cone District of the National Forest, where Ranger Jim Robbins and his assistant, Jerry Quick, are on the job as guardians and protectors of the forest resources. At this season of the year, our rangers are receiving many applications for permits to graze livestock on the national forest ranges, and they are up against many problems in administering the use of the ranges equitably and fairly and in the best public interests. Grazing on the national forests must be handled under carefully prepared plans looking to the maintenance of the ranges in permanently productive condition. Forage must not be depleted, nor watershed values be impaired, by overgrazing - as has happened on millions of acres of unmanaged range, to the country's great, and in some cases, irreparable loss. -- Well, let's see what's going on at the Pine Cone Ranger Station. --

(SOUND OF DOOR)

JIM: Hi, Jerry - What you been doing all this time?

JERRY: (COMING UP; DISGUSTED) Trying to round up those old plugs.

JIM: What's the matter? Been having trouble rounding up the horses this morning? Or were you sort of giving them a workout?

JERRY: (SNORTING) Giving <u>them</u> a workout! Say, those bronks gave me the workout - and the horse laugh too, I bet. Shucks, I coaxed 'em, and pleaded with 'em, and yelled - and darn near prayed to 'em to let me catch 'em, but they just kept staying out of reach, and acting as if they didn't even notice me.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Kind of ignored you, huh?

JERRY: Yeah. Every time I'd get close, it seemed like they'd happen to see a choice mouthful of grass just a little farther on - and away they'd go.

JIM: Uh-huh. I was looking out the window a bit ago and saw you carrying on. (CHUCKLES) Looked like you and the horses were having a race - you tearing along behind 'em in a cloud of dust - with a halter in one hand and a big clod in the other.

JERRY: Yeah, I guess I did get kinda mad.

JIM: It won't pay to lose your temper around horses, Jerry. They either get scared or stubborn when you get to rampaging - and then you'd better just leave 'em alone till they forget all about it.

JERRY: I know, Jim. Gosh, I got mad in spite of myself, though. And then do you know what they did?

JIM: What?

JERRY: Soon as I left the pasture, they all trouped into the barn, right into their own stalls. And when I went in, they all looked so cussed innocent, too.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) I s'pect they were just having a little fun with you, son.

BESS: (COMING IN) Oh, Jim --

JIM: Hello, Bess. Fixin' to go out already?

BESS: Yes. Poor old Mrs. Devonshire is ailing again, and I want to go right over there first thing this morning.

JIM: I see. I guess she does need kinda lookin' after.

BESS: Indeed she does. -- Jim, are you very busy?

JIM: (MOCK SERIOUS) Busy? I should say we are busy. Aren't we, Jerry?

JERRY: Of course.

BESS: I thought maybe --

JIM: (CUTTING IN) Look at all these papers on my desk here, Bess. (RATTLES PAPERS) Busy! Just look at that. Jerry and I were right in the midst of 'em when you came in.

BESS: (SLYLY) So I noticed. I thought you were planning to go up on range inspection today.

JIM: So we were. We ought to be leaving right away, too. Huh, Jerry?

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Why, of course.

BESS: I see. I just thought maybe you and Jerry wouldn't mind doing up the breakfast dishes before you started.

JIM: See there, Jerry? I knew what was coming all the time.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) So did I.

BESS: You won't mind, will you? It's early yet.

JIM: Look here now, Bess. Suppose one of our Washington inspectors popped in this morning and found me washing dishes - wouldn't that be conduct unbecoming a Forest officer?

BESS: I guess he could do a better job of it than you could at that.

JIM: Well, anyway, it's getting awful late and we ought to be getting started, huh, Jerry?

JERRY: Sure.

JIM: Couldn't we leave 'em? There's other dishes in the house we can use this evening.

BESS: No sir. Nothing like that in my house. And besides they wash a lot harder if they've stood awhile. - It won't hurt you a bit to wash them up, Jim. There's only a few.

JIM: Well, now this sore finger of mine, Bess - dishwater might not be just the right thing for it, you know.

BESS: Go way now, Jim Robbins, you're worse than a ten-year old.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) I'll wash 'em up, Mrs. Robbins. It'll only take a few minutes before we start.

BESS: There, now. Shame on you, Jim Robbins.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, I reckon I can't let him beat me out. I guess I'll have to show him how dishes <u>should</u> be washed.

BESS: All right. (GOING OFF) You'll find a couple of aprons on the hook.

JIM: (SNORTS) Aprons! Say now - that's adding insult to injury.

BESS: (OFF) Suit yourself. (CLOSES DOOR)

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, Jerry, I gather that we're going to wash the dishes.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Yeah. You couldn't get out of it this time.

JIM: Nope. Let's get 'em done up and get going.

JERRY: Okay. I'll wash and you can wipe 'em, Jim -

(RATTLE OF DISHES; SLOSHING OF WATER)

JIM: All right. Let 'em come. -- Hmm. Women ought to work out some system so's dishes wouldn't need to get washed so often. A bath on Saturday nights ought to be enough for 'em.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Yeah.

JIM: I wonder why the women haven't worked more on that problem in their spare time.

JERRY: I guess maybe keeping the dishes washed up and everything doesn't leave them any spare time.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Where'd you learn so much about domestic matters?

JERRY: Oh, I've been kinda noticing lately. -- Say, Jim, hadn't I oughta go and check up on the but control crew tomorrow?

JIM: I guess you'd better.

JERRY: Pete was handling the job first rate, Jim - last time I was up. I guess they'll be through up there sooner'n we expected.

JIM: Yep. You probably won't need to stay over at the camp more'n a day or two. -- Say -- am I supposed to wipe dishes as dirty as these? Bathe 'em again.

JERRY: All right. All right. Give 'em here. (CLATTER OF DISHES)

JIM: Hey now! You're splashing dish water all over me! Look there.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) You should have put on the apron --

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JIM: Well, Jerry. I guess everything's under control. We'd better be getting started on our range inspection.

JERRY: Wait a minute, Jim. Someone's coming.

(KNOCK ONDOOR)

JIM: Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

STRAUSS: (COMING IN) Mr. Robbins?

JIM: Yes sir.

STRAUSS: My name is Strauss.

JIM: Yes sir. Seems to me I recollect seein' you at the Big Bend stock grower's meeting last year.

STRAUSS: Yes. You refused me a permit to run stock in the forest last year.

JIM: So I recollect. -- Here, Meet Mr. Quick. He's my assistant.

STRAUSS: How do you do sir?

JERRY: Glad to meet you, Mr. Struass.

STRAUSS: Well, Mr. Robbins, I couldn't get around to the Big Bend meeting this year, so I thought I'd better come and see you.

JIM: Yes, sir.

STRAUSS: I cam to get range for 500 head in High Park.

JIM: Well, the chances aren't so good, I'm afraid, Mr. Strauss.

STRAUSS: Look here now. I'm getting pretty tired of being refused range. And I'm telling you now, Robbins, I'm going clear to Washington if necessary, this time. -- We'll see about my getting a grazing permit.

JIM: Sit down, Mr. Strauss. Let's talk this range business over a bit. -- Jerry, get that High Park grazing unit plan - just the map. I want to explain some things to Mr. Struass.

STRAUSS: No need wasting your time and mine, Robbins. I want range for 500 head in High Park. Do I get it or not?

JIM: I'll answer that before we get through. But there's some things you ought to know first, I s'pect.

JERRY: Here's the map of the High Park grazing until, Jim .

JIM: Thansk. (RATTLE OF UNFOLDING MAP) See here - I've know this High Park country here for more than twenty years, Mr. Strauss. First time I was in there was in the summer of 1910. Pete Barlow was along that time. He was an old timer around here, even then, and he's been running cattle in there ever since.

JERRY: Up till now. I didn't see his application among the bunch we took at the Big Bend meeting the other day, Jim.

JIM: Nope, you're right, Jerry.

STRAUSS: (IMPTATIENTLY) What's all this got to do with my application for range?

JIM: We're coming to that, Mr. Strauss.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JERRY: There's someone else at the door, Jim.

JIM: Come in. (DOOR OPENS) Well, if it ain't old Pete Barlow himself. Come in Pete. How are you?

PETE: (COMING IN) Fair to middlin'. How's yourself?

JIM: Pretty good, Pete.

PETE: This yere's your young pardner, ain't he, Jim?

JIM: Yep, Jerry Quick.

PETE: Quick, eh? Howdy, young feller.

JERRY: Glad to see you, Mr. Barlow.

PETE: Wonder if he'll be in this neck of the woods as long as you've been, Jim?

JIM: We'll hope so. -- Say, Pete. You happened along just at the right time. We were just talking about you.

PETE: Me?

JIM: Yeah, I was going to explain to Mr. Struass here about the High Park range. Remember how much swamp there used to be up there? Remember the time your horse bogged down and --

PETE: Sure. (LAUGHS) I reckon you kinda had the laugh on me that time, Jim.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Yep. We were going after a steer of your that got bogged down in the seamp, weren't we?

PETE: Yep, so we was.

JIM: And your horse mired down all of a sudden, clear to his belly, and you went sailin' clear over his head, kaplunk in the mud.

PETE: YEAH, (LAUGHS) I sure took a header.

JIM: You was bawlin' louder'n the bogged steer we were going after.

PETE: Mebbe so. Mebbe so. It come kinda hard that time, Jim, seein' a young feller like you gettin' the laugh on a old native son like me. Me bein' used to pullin' critters outa bogs.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Yep. You were madder'n a hornet.

PETE: You was a young tenderfoot then, like young Quck here.

JIM: Well, young Quick's comin' along.

STRAUSS: This is all very interesting, gentlemen, but -

PETE: (INTERRUPTING) Swamp's mighty nigh gone now, Jim.

JIM: Yep. Too heavy grazing in the old days, Pete.

PETE: That's it, by crickey. When I first went in there lots of my steers was ready for the killer market when they come off the range, but it got so's they was comin' off skinnier'n jack rabbits, -- all I could sell 'em for was feeders - till you cut down the number of head of stock runnin' up there.

STRAUSS: All this is mighty interesting, as I said before, but I'm a busy man, Mr. Robbins, and --

JIM: (CUTTING IN) I'm a busy man too, Mr. Strauss - but I find that it usually saves time and trouble in the end if we take the time to understand the reasons back of what we do. What Pete and I were talking about is right to the point.

STRAUSS: That might be, but --

JIM: (CUTTING IN) The point is that these wet meadows in the high country have a lot to do with the amount of water below for irrigation and for keeping the wells flowing. Too many cattle grazing up in High Park have packed the ground, and the cow paths washed till they got to be gullies where the water rushes down after every rain and gradually cut the main channel so deep that it nearly drains out the swamp. Last season there was fifteen hundred head of cattle in High Park, and that's too many.

STRAUSS: I understand, but it's this season we're concerned with now, and what I came here to find out is --

PETE: (CUTTING IN) Hold on a minute, Mister. Let me get in my say first. - Jim, I'm gettin' too old to punch cattle, and I didn't make no application for range this year 'cause I'm sellin' out. That'll leave a thousand head to run in High Park, and that's enough for that range.

JIM: Yep. That's right. We can gradually bring that range back if we hold down the number of cattle on it.

PETE: Yes sir. -- Well, that's what I come to tell yuh, Jim, that I'm sellin' out. So I might as well be gittin' on.

JIM: You ain't leaving this country, are you, Pete?

PETE: No siree. My wife kinda wants to go down around where them movies folks is - Hollywood or some place - so mebbe we'll be takin' a run down that-a-way an' lookin' around later on - but we'll be comin' back.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Better steer clear of those movie gals, Pete.

PETE: (CHUCKLING) I reckon my wife'll see to that. (GOING OFF) So long, Jim.

JIM: So long, Pete.

JERRY: (WITH HIM) So long, Mr. Barlow.

(SOUND OF DOOR)

STRAUSS: Well - I'm waiting for an answer about High Park —

JIM: You've got my answer so far as High Park grazing is concerned, Mr. Strauss.

STRAUSS: You refuse, then?

JIM: Yes sir.

STRAUSS: (HEATED) Look here, now --

JIM: (CUTTING IN) We might as well fill out your application, though, and we'll consider it along with the others. We might be able to give you range somewhere else.

STRAUSS: Huh?

JIM: Let's see - five hundred head, is it?

STRAUSS: That's the number I want to run.

JIM: Your own cattle?

STRAUSS: (HESITATING) Y-yes.

JIM: Anyone else own any interest in 'em?

STRAUSS: Well - uh - the bank took 'em over from John Clay last year. I'm going to run 'em for the bank - see? That's how I happen to know you're going to give me the range I want.

JIM: We'll see.

STRAUSS: I'd advise you to see to it that I get that range, Mr. Robbins. Remember, the bank's behind me, and -

JIM: (CUTTING IN) Mr. Strauss - So long as I'm in charge of Pine Cone Ranger District, I'm going to handle the use of the range in the best interest of the forest and the forest users, as I see it. I'm granting no new permits for the use of the High Park range.

STRAUSS: That your answer then?

JIM: Yes sir.

STRAUSS: I have a notion you're going to change your mind, Mr. Robbins. I'm coming back here later with a representative of the bank -- (GOING OFF) Good day to both of you.

JIM: So long.

(DOOR SLAMS)

JERRY: Gosh! Of all the assorted brands of trouble a ranger has to contend with!

JIM: (CHUCKLING) You wouldn't exactly call this trouble, would you, Jerry?

JERRY: Well, won't the bank kinda --

JIM: I reckon the bank's reasonable enough. There's still some range open over in Long Hollow that ought to suit Iem just about right - but I guess it won't do any harm to let this Mr. Strauss have a couple of days to find out that he'll have to get his permit in the regular way -- No special favors on this forest.

(FADEOUT)

ANNOUNCER: Administering the forest resources without fear nor favor, for the best interests of all the forest users, and of the nation, - that's the job of "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers."

As you all know, Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers are being called upon to help administer a vast program of useful forest work, as part of the President's program for the relief of unemployment. Two hundred and fifty thousand men are being given an opportunity to perform healthful, outdoor work - work looking to the protection and development of our forest resources, work that will be building for future national welfare. Much of this work will be done in our great national forests, under the direction of the forest rangers. To the forest rangers it means another job, and a big one, in an already crowded program, an added responsibility to see that useful and needed work is done. But we may rest assured that Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers, to the extent that they are called upon to help in carrying out this emergency conservation work program, will do their best to see that it is carried on for the good of the forests and of the men.

"Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" comes to you as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

is/6:05 P.M.
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